

THE DREAMER

Sleeping in socks and five years old, he took them off to wade across a river in the mountains of his dreams, knowing what she would do if he came home and they were wet. The water was cool and clear and rushing white about his ankles as he paused in the middle to contemplate smooth stones and sand that gazed up at him with soothing smiles. He was awakened with a shake of the shoulders before he reached the other side and before he could step back to the bank from which he came. "Where are the socks I put on you before you went to bed! I told you not to take them off!" So he joins the search all around the room knowing full well there is nothing to be found beneath the bed, but in another place where he cannot now go. The water is deeper the following night and more warm, so he takes his pajamas off to feel the clear consume him up to his waist but he cannot retrieve them before a slap from the other world pulls him back. "What have you done now!" He doesn't even pretend this time to look beneath the covers or in the closet and can't explain as blows sweep back and forth across his nudity. Next night he carries the pajamas and the socks in a wad above his head because the river is even more deep and the water still clear and even more warm. A bush is smoldering on the bank at the other side. He makes it there and feels the flames lap around him like a cloak of light. The heat is intense and he starts to burn so he fights back with the blankets, the pillow, and the sheets. His head is rolling from side to side as she jerks his naked body up from the stripped mattress and tries to beat the dreams out of him for what he's lost.

-- James Miller Robinson

Mexico City, Mexico

stein
working
must not
intrude
upon
gertrude

old
angel death
standing in the wings
watching me dance
center stage right
(damn!)
she got
the stage hook

-- M. K. Book

Fairbury NE